THE
Present State
OF THE
Crown-Inn,

For the first THREE YEARS under the

New LANDLORD.

Wherein are

Characters of some of the Chief Servants on both Sides.

By the Author of the History of the Crown-Inn.

London, Printed for *S. Baker*, at the *Black-Boy* and *Anchor* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1717.

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THE STATE OF THE Crown-Inn, &c.

YOU may remember, Sir, that I concluded my last to you with an Account of the Arrival of the *New Landlord*, and the Disposition he began to put the Inn into, and repairing the Damages which had happen'd toward the latter end of the Widdow's Days. A thorough Purge had been made among the Servants; but this did not work so efficaciously, but that there remained (as you will hear by the Sequel) some ill Blood among them. Not to intrude on your Patience, by Interrupting this Account with any thing that

that may ſeem impertinent, I ſhall plainly begin with telling you, That never any honeſt Man, ſuch as Mr. *WRIGHT* is, could have to do with ſo baſe, ſo profligate, and rascally a Crew; Wretches of the moſt vile and contemptible Principles; ſhould I call them Villains and Rebels of the higheſt Nature, you your ſelf, who are a Man of all the good Senſe, good Nature, and ſweet Temper in the World, would agree with me, that they deſerve the worſt that can be ſaid of them.

To cut them off from all manner of Pretence for their malicious and unworthy Actions, unleſs the Principles I have aſcrib'd it to, I muſt, in Juſtice to them, repeat to you, with what Face, what ſeeming Humility, fawning Conduct, and cringing Behaviour, they addreſs'd to him at firſt? having even the Impudence to aſſert publickly, that they were the Men who brought him to the Eſtate, and that it was owing to them he came ſo peaceably to be *Lord of the Manner*; when, but for the Humour ſake, and to ſee how the *Ingrates* would make good their Words, it was apparent to every honeſt Man, that they had no Deſign, no other View, but to keep him out, by a ſurreptitious, baſe, and underhand Surrender of the Farm to young *Shute*. I hope you will not count this Impertinence, but look on it as a neceſſary Preface in the way of ſhewing, with the more Refulgence, the vile Effrontery,

tery, base and treacherous Principles of Men, who ought to be abandon'd to the worst Censure, and who I have no Reason to spare, as having been an Eye-Witness to all their Actions.

How justly appriz'd soever Mr. *WRIGHT* was of the Temper of this Set of Men, and how little they deserv'd any regard from him, who had experienc'd their Disrespect for him and his Family, especially in the material Article of exposing his Right to the most apparent Hazards, and laying sensible Foundations for their own Security, in case those Prospects had succeeded, which I speak in respect to the very best of them. How justly, I say, soever these things were known to Mr. *WRIGHT*, yet with all the Sweetness and refined Sense that is natural to him, he took many of them into his Favour, and nearest Intimacy, and even by these gentle means courted the rest to deserve the like Usage from him, but to very little Purpose, nay, to a very ill one, for they inverted his Meaning, reproach'd him for his Kindness, and endeavour'd to blast his Reputation among the *Tenants*; and in many Places told them, that it was not just to pay any Rent to him: But this I shall come more pertinently to hereafter.

In the mean time, it will be proper to tell you, that there were some, whose Crimes, as well personal to Mr. *WRIGHT*, as gene- to the whole Community, which could not

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be paſs'd over; ſuch Men, for whom few People would have ſhew'd any Concern, had not the Caſe been cunningly attributed to the popular Cry of the *Church's Danger*, a Notion which the wide-mouth'd Curate of *Hockley* had broach'd among the People a few Years before. So that when theſe Men were to be call'd to an Account, tho' noted for their Lewdneſs, Immorality, Inſincerity, and other perſonal Vices, yet they were ſainted to the People; and the lawful Proſecution carry'd on againſt them, was term'd Injuſtice; which together with the ſtale Arts of Prieſtcraft, ſo long and continually practis'd in this Country, blew the Populace into ſuch a Flame, that in many Places they gather'd into Mobs and Tumults, pull'd down the Houſes and Meetings of ſuch as were, it is to be fear'd, better Chriſtians than themſelves, and were not to be quieted without giving a great deal of Trouble to Mr. *WRIGHT* and the honeſt *Tenants*. This was begun at the *Grand Free-School*, encourag'd and fomented by the Leaders of it, vilely attach'd to young *SHUTE*; and from thence ſpread it ſelf into other Places.

Mr. *WRIGHT* all this while ſat with a Godlike Patience, and ſaw himſelf provok'd; yet ſo great was his Clemency, ſo extenſive his Goodneſs, that where he had a Power to puniſh, he had the Will to ſpare; and what was really the effect of unparalell'd Mercy, was barbarouſly and falſly attributed

tributed to unnatural Fear. Men of Virtue cry'd out ſhame, wonder'd at Mr. *WRIGHT*'s Patience; ſaid, it was rather a Sin to ſpare Men againſt whom Heaven call'd for Vengeance, than to puniſh Crimes which were a Scandal to civil Society; and finally, declar'd the Prieſts of the neighbouring Pariſhes were the Trumpets which ſtirr'd up all theſe Evils, who, with unhallow'd Throats, were like *Syrens*, ſeducing People into the dark Mazes of their Idol *Popery*; and the way to prevent theſe diſmal Conſequences, was to ſuſpend them from their Functions, and ſweep them, like the Money-Changers, out of the Temple.

But Mr. *WRIGHT* deaf to every thing that might look like Severity, ſat contented, and left the Juſtice of his Cauſe, and the Reward of his Virtues to the Author of them. Oh fatal Lenity! abominable Ingratitude! to which ſhall I impute it? I muſt leave it to you, Sir, to judge whether any Terms were to be kept with theſe Men; and whether any thing but ſuch exceſſive Goodneſs as Mr. *WRIGHT*'s, could have excited People depending on the Property of it, to have abus'd his Patience. He is too juſt, too good, I know to repent of his Lenity, but every honeſt *Tenant* has reaſon enough to bewail, that they have a *Landlord* who is endued with Virtues, even to a Fault; Mercy ſo tranſcendent, that even the Experience of Abuſes and Diſadvantages ariſing

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from it, are not sufficient to restrain the natural Force of it.

After a thousand other Enormities, which he pardon'd as fast as they were committed, they at length, by open Force and Violence, combin'd to divest him of the *Title* and *Estate*, notwithstanding they had taken the solemnest Oaths to the contrary, that could be thought of. The first thing they began with, as I was hinting, was the espousing those abandon'd Wretches who had in the *Widdow's* Days render'd themselves obnoxious to Mr. *WRIGHT*, and all good Men, by their base and treacherous Behaviour, such as *Bob Slyboots*, *Harry Aucumy*, &c.

In the first place there was *Freeholders Foresight*, a Man of considerable Lands, and Livings: He, you must know, in the Widdow's Days had not been wanting to act a part among the Enemies of Mr. *Wright*, and was then justly suspected to be no better than the best of them. He had been sent to Old *Crab's* at the Conclusion of the Law-Suit, being thought a proper Person to succeed *Jacob Booty*, and you may therefore depend that the Party had good assurance in him, when they thought him worthy to succeed so eminent a Friend of Young *Shute's*. 'Tis true *Foresight* had in a servile manner comply'd with many of their base Designs, but he is look'd on as a cunning Fellow, and one not over apt to hazard much for any Body.

Foresight

Foresight therefore acted at Old *Crabbs* with some little Caution, and it must be own'd, might have gone far greater Lengths to the Prejudice of Mr. *Wrights* Interest, had not either the fear of Success, or the Regard to Self-Preservation somewhat restrain'd him. The *Junto* at the *Inn* therefore finding themselves a little deceiv'd, began to express their Dissatisfaction; but knowing the *Widdow* had a value for him, and likewise fearing his Power, both with her and the *Club*, they attempted nothing, but the placing of *Matt.* the Drawer, as a Spy upon him, with Power to do the Drudgery with Young *Shutes* Agents apart, *Foresight* not caring to make those Condescentions, insomuch that the Longheaded *Freeholder* began to complain, that he found himself there, no more than a *Property:* That he indeed shone in his *Best Cloathes* at *Faires* and *Wakes*, and now and then for form Sake, made a Visit or two, but that *Matt.* was entrusted with all the Affairs of Moment; and by these methods, gauling the *Faeeholder* a little, they procur'd his return Home, and *Matt.* was left Sole *Plenipo* at Old *Crabs*, and then Affairs went on Swimmingly for a while. *Matt.* let the Tap run freely, entertain'd his Friends; Paid Visits to Madam *Italiana*, *Shutes* Foster Mother, and went to *Wakes* and *Puppet-Shows* with Young *Shute* himself. In the mean time, *Foresight* after his return Home, was sent to take care of the *West Farm*, at

the Instances of the *Junto*, not only, that he might be out of the way of thwarting their dedesigns, but that they might have an Opportunity of engaging his Spouse: *Foresight* you must know had Married an *Outlandish-Woman*, attach'd to Young *Shutes* Interest; a Subtle Gipsie, and one who had the Art of alluring to great Perfection. They made *Signiora* their own, and both from her Interest with the *Widdow*, and her ascendency over her Husband, hoped for considerable things.

In the Interim, *Foresight*, pursu'd his usual caution in the Management of the *West-Farm*, and indeed did something, which did not at all seem to please Young *Shute*'s Friends, nor displease Mr. WRIGHT's. I need not tell you that at the Expulsion of *Bob-Slyboots*, *Foresight* was made *Land-Steward* of the whole *Mannor*; and this Office he held at her Death, and was thought in a fair way of deserving Mr. WRIGHT's Favour. He was made Head Chamberlain at the *Inn* after Mr. WRIGHT's arrival, and every one thought he had been perfectly in his Interest, and seated for Life; but it soon appear'd that he held with the Hare and ran with the Hounds; so that he was dismist from his Chamberlains Place, and left his Seat at the *Club*; and is now esteem'd a Stanch Man among the Party of those, who have combin'd to render Mr. WRIGT uneasy.

There was next the *Freeholder* of *Ab——n*,

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a Man who had given ſeveral Tokens of Friendſhip for Mr. WRIGHT and his Family, when he ſaw the Torrent running againſt him by the Pernicious meaſures toward the latter end of the *Widdows* days. Tho' he is otherwiſe, one who is very little eſteem'd or diſpis'd, and is the beſt qualify'd Man alive to ſay or do very little. He has however ſome good Sentiments, and wou'd make a better Figure in the World if he were not Stiff and Opinionated. He came but little to the *Inn*, for his Frugality deny'd him the Taſt of ſuch a kind of Life. He had the charge of *Coney-Warren*, and a ſmall *Copſe* or two, whereby he had the advantage of a Couple or two of *Rabbits* now and then, with the Lopping of the Trees for Fuel; but this, as he had done in the *Widdows* time, he again threw up, for his own Humour, and the poor Pretence of diſliking ſome things that were done for Mr. WRIGHT's Intereſt and Security.

I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of ſome others anon; in the mean time, I muſt return to tell you the Effect of the vile Temper, which had been inſtill'd into the Tenants in the *Widdows* Life time, and now kept on Foot and Fomented by Young *Shutes* Friends, and encourag'd by thoſe, who by a Profligate Indolence gave great Spirit and Life to his Party; for tho' they did not indeed directly take up the Cudgels with them, yet when they ſaw them arming with Clubs and Staves to pull down the INN, look'd out

of their Windows, and conſpired in Grimace, and aſſenting Geſtures.

There was a Fellow who uſually bore the Nick-Name of my Lord *Hump*; his Honour, according to the uſual Bluntneſs of the Vulgar, lying in the Magnitude of his Shoulders, which, by a bountiful Excreſſence, render'd his Neck imperceptible, and kept it from growing its proper Length, as if Nature had deſign'd to leave that part to the uſe of that conſpicuous Vegetable, *Hemp*. His Chacter (as it often happens) very well anſwer'd his Perſon; he was a peeviſh ſubtle Fellow, one that could diſſemble artfully; and his Morals were equally conſpicuous to his Character, for he was a Fellow of no manner of Conſcience, Honour, or Virtue, nor, indeed, Religion: What is remarkable to juſtify this, is, that he was the firſt of the *WIDDOW's* Favourites that addreſs'd himſelf to Mr. WRIGHT, cring'd, bow'd, and ſwore to him, and yet, as you find, the very firſt that took head and abetted the Rabble againſt him. He was the fitteſt Fellow alive to be the Captain of a Mob, for he had a cunning and loquacious way of ſpeaking, and could harangue to as good a Purpoſe as any Man. Not the ſubtle *Greek* with more Art deceiv'd the unwary *Trojans*, when he impos'd on them the Equeſtrian Fabrick big with the Ruin of their Country. My *Lord* had been a Clerk to the *WIDDOW*, and had ſeen a great deal of Buſineſs, and was as well qualify'd

a Man to be ſome principal Servant under an arbitrary *Landlord*, as young SHUTE cou'd have made choice of. No doubt but my *Lord* had ſome Views of this, when he ſet his flagitious Brain at Work to raiſe a Mutiny againſt Mr. WRIGHT, where he found his Intereſt entirely ſunk. My *Lord*, in ſhort, ſilently withdrew himſelf to the *North-Farm*, where he rais'd a conſiderable Rabble, and openly proclaim'd young SHUTE's Right; many conſiderable Tenants who had been always attach'd to that Intereſt, join'd him, and my *Lord* was univerſally dignify'd, and declar'd their *Captain*.

In the mean time, the Rabble in this part of the Eſtate, who were big with the ſame ridiculous Stratagems, expected Corporal *Jacob* (who had fled) to return and head them; but, in fine, when their Conſpiracy was near ripe, their Deſigns reach'd the Ears of the CLUB, and many of the Ring-leaders, as *Will. Wildfire*, *Nich. Spitfire*, and ſeveral others, even of the *Club* (for the Treaſon had come very near Mr. WRIGHT's Perſon) were ſecur'd. Others of leſs Note were ſiez'd at divers Places, and committed to the Houſe of Correction. But I ſhould give you the Character of ſome of theſe.

Will. Wildfire is one of the beſt known among them. *Will.* came of a good Family, and was a pretty Fellow enough to look at; he had a mettled way of ſpeaking, but without

out much Judgment; so that the Energy of his Words was usually lost in the Vacuity of Matter. *Will*'s Father having died while he was young, he had never been well whipt for Lying, which he had a grievous Knack at: He was the inseparable Partner of *Harry Aucumy*'s in Pleasures, as well as of his Measures; and from the Moment of *Harry*'s Elopement, had vow'd Revenge against the Authors of it. *Will* cannot be call'd a Coward, for when the Constable came to execute the Warrant against him; *Will* hazarded Life and Limb to jump out of the Window; but upon setting the *Cryer* to Work, *Will* surrender'd himself, and was committed to the *County-Goal*. *Will*, you know, married one of the Daughters of the *Head-Ostler*, and had a good Portion with her; and by his lying Insinuations had so far prevail'd with his Father-in-law, that he, good Man, quitted his Service to gratify *Will*'s Quarrel, tho' he had held that Place many Years; and was otherwise, baiting a little too much Supercility and narrowness of Spirit, a Man well enough qualify'd: He was never much esteem'd a Politician, but is a downright Person; and had he not gone a little too far in the Measures of the latter part of the WIDDOW's Days, was always else esteem'd a Lover of his Country, and a Friend of Mr. WRIGHT's.

There was a particular Harmony betwixt *Will Wildfire* and *George Aimly*; and it was

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the Correſpondence betwixt them that betray'd 'em both. Ill-manag'd enough on *Will*'s ſide, who when he was firſt ſecur'd, had things about, which, 'tis ſaid, *a School-Boy would have been whipp'd for carrying.* *George* was really a Man of fine Parts, extreamly courteous and beneficient: His Perſon and Converſation were very engaging, and he was not only a Perſon of Learning and refin'd Senſe himſelf, but a great Encourager of it in other Men. I think he was the only Perſon of ſo good a Character, that engag'd; and I ſhall always ſay, tho' I am ſorry I have Occaſion to do it, that he was an Honour to the Cauſe. One thing muſt be allow'd, that he was ſprung from a Family which had been ſignal for affording the chief Perſon that contributed to the Reſtoring Old *Rowley* to the Eſtate; and I cannot but think it Juſtice to ſay in his Favour, that the Notion of *Hereditary Loyalty* might be liable to ſpur him on to that unhappy Affair, which tho' I uſe as ſome Excuſe for him, I highly condemn as unlawful and unjuſt, eſpecially as he had ſworn to Mr. WRIGHT; beſides that, the Caſe of Loyalty bearing now a very wide Difference, betwixt one whoſe *Title* was wholly unqueſtionable, and another who is not only to be queſtion'd in every Reſpect, but is by Law totally excluded and ſet aſide. *George* had very High Crimes alledg'd againſt him, but it ſeems he did ſomething to mitigate it, for he was at

length

length releas'd from all Trouble, and restor'd to his *Freehold*; and indeed there were enough of far less Merit than he to make Examples on.

Nich. Spittfire, tho' the most suspected, was the least active; whether it was that they did not care to trust him, or that he was too intent on his Bottle to mind Plots, I know not, but most People thought *Nich.* a Person not very liable to Suspicion that way. *Nich.* was possess'd of a considerable *Freehold*, but was remarkable by little else, but the Love of his Bottle, and being concern'd in this Conspiracy, which as the latter occasion'd him to undergo a Confinement, the former did greatly help to alleviate the Sense of it.

Gregory Haywood was another whose Character was heighten'd by the Part he bore in the Conspiracy: He was the Son of an eminent *Freeholder* in the *North* Farm, and had never been much known there, but for his being Son-in-law to *Bob Slyboots*, and for the *Freehold* which the *Widdow* bestow'd on him, when she gave them away by Dozens. His own Father was secur'd at the *North* Farm for Suspicion of his Attach to young *Shute*; and when I have said as much of *Gregory* here, I have said all, except, that when he had lain till the Danger was pretty well over, he was releas'd.

Another of those who lay under Suspicion of being engag'd in young SHUTE's Interest

reſt, was one *John Grub*, a rich Farmer, and an old Member of the Club: Honeſt *John* had alwaysbeen a Grumbler, and notwithſtanding his Attach to the Party, hardly ſhew'd himſelf pleas'd in the WIDDOW's Days; for whether they thought *John* unworthy to be truſted, or that he was touch'd with the hereditary Lunacy of his Family, I can't tell, but when they were at the Heighth of diſtinguiſhing by the moſt ſignal Favours, young SHUTE's Partizans, they never had the leaſt Regard for *John*. *John* was ſiez'd at his own Farm, and brought before the *Club*, but giving a tollerable Account of himſelf, or at leaſt diſowning the Cauſe, he was diſmiſs'd, and continues a ſtaunch Man to his old Principles.

Will Crimp was another remarkable Fellow of this Gang; *Will* was a great Sportſman, lov'd Horſe-Racing, Fox-Hunting, and had a terrible Itch at Gaming. The young Rogue had a good Farm left him, but he got into Debt before he was one and twenty, and would ſoon have made a hole in it, had not Fortune help'd him out. *Will*'s Family put him upon Marrying, to retrieve Matters, but he was too faſt yok'd with a Miſtreſs, by whom he had ſeveral Children; ſhe had ſome reaſon to hope he would marry her, for ſhe had Beauty and Accomplishments ſufficient; nor did ſhe wholly want a Fortune; but *Will* was her humble Servant as to that. In the end, ſhe had an Eſtate left her, and then

Will adminiſter'd for the Benefit of his natural Iſſue. *Will* had another lucky hit, as you'll hear preſently. When the Conſpiracy was carrying on in the Country againſt Mr. WRIGHT, *Will* was one of the moſt early and active that appear'd in it; and indeed one of the moſt conſiderable to countenance it; ſo that *Will* was intruſted with a thouſand Guineas of young SHUTE's Money, to diſtribute upon Occaſion for the Support of the Cauſe; but *Will*, willing to ſee how the Scales were likely to turn before he hazarded his Neck, wiſely vamp'd off with the *Shiners*, which, 'tis ſaid, the young Rogue has to this Day. *Will* play'd leaſt in ſight with both Parties, 'till matters were a little cool'd, and then found means, to every body's wonder, to make his Peace with Mr. WRIGHT; but 'tis to be fear'd the old Proverb is inherent in him, *viz. That which is bred in the Bone will never out of the Fleſh.*

I broke off where I was telling you, that the Rabble in this part of the *Eſtate*, after the Example of my Lord *Hump* in the *North* Farm, got together, and openly declar'd for young SHUTE. They grew ſo conſiderable, that Mr. WRIGHT was oblig'd to ſend out the Conſtables and Watch to ſuppreſs them. There had join'd them ſome conſiderable Freeholders and Farmers, and who ſhould they pitch on to head them but *Tom Shatterbrains*. This piece of Honour, you

muſt

muſt know, fell upon *Tom*, not ſo much for the Opinion they had of his Courage and Conduct, but becauſe he was the moſt conſiderable Man among them on the ſide of the *Church*; which was really the Maggot they baited their Hook with, and took ſo many Gudgeons in by; nay they manag'd it ſo artfully, that *Papiſts*, *Atheiſts*, *Deiſts*, and *Devils*, all tender'd their Service to the poor unhappy *Church*, who by the Aſſiſtance of ſuch Friends was like to be brought into a moſt flouriſhing State. There was ſcarce a Horſe-Stealer, Goal-bird, broken Shop-keeper, Exciſeman, or Fellow of deſperate Fortune, that before had hid his Head for one Crime or other, but liſted under *Tom*'s Banner, the Scum and Refuſe of fifteen Counties: In fine, there was in *Tom*'s tatter'd Army, Rogues of all Colours in the Rainbow. *Tom* led 'em up and down the Country, to the great Conſumption of the old *Engliſh* Manufactures of Beef and Pudding, and the Pillaging many a Henrooſt; together with the pernicious Production of a Race of ſpurious and rebellious Baſtards, which ſprung up nine Months after, hereditary Heirs to the Sins of their Fathers and Mothers, entail'd to the third and fourth Generation.

They had one general Benefit, that if there was a Whore in the whole Country, they were ſure of her Intereſt; beſides the great Numbers they debauch'd thro' an Inſtigation of Principle. Nay, the Female Tribe,

the more to animate their new Guests, open'd their Purses, as well as their Legs. Hidden Reserves of Angel-Gold, new Groats and Twopences, Silver Trinkets, *&c.* Were releas'd from their inlaid Repositories to enrich their Paramours Pockets. Old Women gave what they had Hoarded for Alms, Wives Stript themselves of *Pin-Money*, and Girls, and Servant Wenches parted with their Silver Thimbles, Bodkins, and the very Buckles of their Girdles to gratify their Amours. *Tom*, of all the rest had an excellent Faculty that way, and when a *Bailiffe* or *Headborough* has been detach'd abroad under some Pretence of promoting the Service, he has shew'd himself so good a General, that he has beat up his Wife's Quarters before his return, and perhaps made himself Master of a considerable Booty: Old Matrons, who had not so much as a Stump left to make a Colts Tooth on, wou'd generously, for the sake of the Cause, recommend their Daughters, Nieces or Chamber Maids; for whose Service *Tom* was excellently qualify'd with a Strong Back, and a vigorous Constitution.

In other respects *Tom* was but ill qualify'd, for a *Batoon* Discipline was his greatest contempt, every Rogue under *Tom*'s Leading, knew his way to a Cupboard or a *Hen-Roost*, without the nice Formalities of Rank and File. They were in one respect a very Honourable Association, like that of an *Italian Banditti*, the Commanders and Commanded

manded ſtood pretty near a Level with each other; there were indeed Colonels and Captains for faſhion ſake, but over their Cups 'twas Hail Fellow well met. However, this has been ſaid of *Tom*, with reſpect to his Courage and Fortitude, that by the help of two Bottles he was a great diſpiſer of Danger, and would Laugh at the worſt his Enemies could do him: Some Men have ſaid, *Tom* was Born Laughing, and others, that he would dye Laughing, which experiment would very probably have been made, had not *Tom*, very wiſely ſhew'd the Conſtables a fair pair of Heels for it at laſt.

But to return: This light Heel'd Body, led the *Conſtables* and *Watch* a MerryDance about the Country. Sometimes there was News that they were juſt upon the Backs of 'em, but *hi Paſs*, they were preſently 20 Mile off again, nothing but a Pack of *Fox-Hounds* could have overtaken them, and they too muſt have had a freſh Scent; and Hunted up the Wind; inſomuch that an Honeſt Sober Conſtable who went firſt after them, was ſo diſcourag'd that he gave over the Chace, finding, that according to the Old Proverb, 'twas e'en *ſending a Cow after a Hare.* At length a Stratagem was contriv'd, that he with his Watch ſhou'd keep the File, whilſt another Poſſe was ſent out to intercept them, which ſo well ſucceeded, that they were at length Coop'd up betwixt them. Having now no Hole left to creep

out

out at, they fought like confin'd Cats. Here was Bloody work on't, many a broken Head, and bloody Nose. The Rogues faught a while like *Scanderbegs*. They threw Brickbats off the Tops of Houses, jobb'd rusty Spits out of the Cellar Windows, and in short did the Constables and Watch a deal of Mischief before they could close in with them: but at length they threw down their Cudgels, and cry'd Peccavi. A few of the Ringleaders were truss'd up upon the Neighbouring Trees, some were brought up to the *Inn*, and others put into several Prisons thereabouts.

Their Crimes now, especially the Havock they had made among the Honest Tennants, and the mischief they had done when the *Constables* and *Watch* came to take them, call'd a loud for Justice. The Law, and even their own Confessions had pronounc'd them Guilty; and Mr. WRIGHT could not deny his Friends a reasonable Sacrifice of some few of them, for the Danger and Expence they had been put to: But their Friends work'd secretly for them, Money was given Liberally, and even some of the Servants at the INN were blinded with the Shining oar. This rais'd 'em Interest, and artful Stories rais'd 'em Compassion, so that from a Pack of Rakehells, Rabble, and Rebels, they were of a sudden became Fine Gentlemen. To Hang 'em was a Thousand pitties; tho' 'twas really robbing

bing the Hangman, as well as the Nation, of its due. The Rascally Mob not only became affected with their Story, but they had Friends even in the *Club* it self; They were defended, as well as befriended, even to Mr. WRIGHT's face, by some whom he had distinguish'd with his Favour. Ladies of Rank put on all their Charms, and became Intercessors for such Fine Gentlemen. They form'd themselves into glittering Troops and dam'd up the *Club Doors* to intercept the Justice of the House their Favour. They brought it to an even Question, whether Mr. WRIGHT's Safety or Theirs was to be most regarded; and tho' there was no justifying such black Crimes as they had been Guilty of, with the least Reputation, or pretence of Friendship to Mr. WRIGHT, yet they put a plausible Gloss upon it, as done, they said, out of Regard to his Interest.

But he, who so well understands things, to shew them, that he was not affected with their Words, and disregarded their Pretences, whilst they were even debating it, takes two of the Principal *Freeholders* among 'em, and with an Air of Greatness, well becoming him, strikes their Heads off. Their new Friends grew hush, and the rest were struck with an awful Terror at so strict and Resolute a Piece of Justice; which shew'd a Greatness of Soul they might well be astonish'd at.

Nor did he stop here, but pursu'd a Resolution, founded on such just and Noble Sentiments,

timents, and diſtinguiſh'd by marks of his Diſpleaſure, ſome of thoſe who had juſtly offended him, by endeavouring to rob him of the Honour and Juſtice of beſtowing Mercy where it was due, and making it an Act, or Inferrence, of their own Interceſſion.

At the Head of theſe appear'd *Dan. Soberſides*, and his Brother *Harry*, to the ſurprize of many honeſt Tennants, conſidering how Mr. WRIGHT had Favour'd and Indulg'd them, and how conſiderably he had advanc'd, almoſt, the whole Family. *Dan.* you know, I told you, on Mr. WRIGHT's coming, was plac'd in old *Biaſs's two arm'd Chair* at the CLUB, and abundance of People were pleas'd to ſee him ſo Seated in Mr. *Wright*'s Favour. But in ſhort, it ſeems to be *Dan*'s Misfortune to Love always to Swim againſt the Stream. He was a good while in the unhappy Meaſures, propagated toward the Fagg end of the WIDDOW's Life, and 'tis ſaid, had continu'd longer ſo, had not *Bob-Slyboots* piqued him, by putting him by a pretty Place at the INN, which was Sealing the WIDOW's *Private-Packquets*, on Poſt-Days. This ſo incens'd him, that he broke off with the Party; and tho' it may take from the Merrit of it, to ſay that this was the reaſon, yet it had an effect glorious enough to him; by being attributed to his Affection to Mr. WRIGHT's Family, and the deſign of advancing his Intereſt, which he ſo viſibly ſaw ſtruck at. 'Twas thought

he

he would never have forgiven *Bob Slyboots* the Affront, but they tell you he is now become one of his greateſt Friends, and pays conſtant Viſits in the Family; which muſt certainly be aſcrib'd either to *Self-Intereſt*, or *Self-Will*, that a Man ſhall conſtantly oppoſe the Current. 'Tis pity the Reputation he has in Politicks, ſhould be obſcur'd by Meaſures ſo ſeemingly impolitick; for it muſt be ſaid of him, that he has Parts, and adds weight enough to the Party he eſpouſes, did one know which that was, when a Man is always wavering. He has often graſp'd at the Place of *Prime Favourite*, and would certainly have accompliſh'd it, had he not let go the Subſtance to catch at the Shadow.

His Brother *Harry* and he have the ſame Reſemblance in their Qualities that they have in their Perſons. *Harry* is the younger Brother, but has rais'd himſelf now to an equal Dignity. It is confeſs'd that the Foundation of the Honour he enjoys, was owing to a good degree of perſonal Merit, which he exerted at a time when the Honour and Safety of the Church juſtly requir'd it, being then, in the Perſon of its greateſt Patriots, directly ſtruck at; who, with his eloquent Pleadings, he aſſiſted to riſque from the Danger they were in. No honeſt Tenant deny'd him the Honour due to ſo glorious an Action; the whole Mannor rang with his Commendations; but he receiv'd the Applauſe faintly; he cool'd in the proper Mea-

ſures for our entire Redemption; was an Oppoſer of our GREAT DELIVERER in many things which concurr'd for our farther Safety and Preſervation. It is obſervable too, that he ow'd his firſt Preferment to the *Widdow's* Temper on her new Acceſſion, when ſhe ſeem'd to be advancing the Enemies of our *Deliverance*; and the Joy and Hopes of the Party were ſo great, that it was judg'd our *dear Brother* would have had a Majority at the INN. But it happen'd that the *Widdow* ſoon relaps'd into better Notions; honeſt *John* the Carter, and *Seth* the Land-Steward made her ſenſible that ſhe was hurrying to her own Deſtruction, and would ſoon pull an old Houſe o'er her Head. The *Widdow* ſtood convinc'd: Diſcarded her adopted Favourites, and manag'd the INN for almoſt nine Years with admirable Succeſs, 'till the Curate of *Hockley* by his ſeditious Preaching, when he poiſon'd the whole Country, inflam'd her with an inglorious Zeal, to undo all the Good ſhe had ever done, and bringing her Tenants under the moſt deplorable Circumſtances they had ever known. Now the two Brothers found an Opportunity of ſlipping into Favour again; an Opportunity that is liable to the harſheſt Cenſure, and not to be atton'd for, but by the Retreat they made, when they broke off from the Party, by profeſſing proper Notions of Mr. WRIGHT's Intereſt, into whoſe Favour they were the moſt early taken, and ſo continu'd with Ap-

plauſe,

plauſe, (moſt Men allowing their Preferment to be juſt enough) till (as I have hinted) they were the leading Men who were for Sacrificing His Honour and Juſtice to the Preſervation of a few guilty Men, who in their own Judgement little deſerv'd it at His Hands.

There are others who do not deſerve to be dropt with ſo little Cenſure; one of which, I think, deſerves particular menti n, in regard of his being the Son of a very worthy Father, from whoſe noble Sentiments, and experienc'd Virtues, he entirely deviated. He was diſtinguiſh'd by Mr. WRIGHT, on his firſt Arrival, with a very conſiderable Poſt at the INN, but it apppear'd that Intereſt, and a narrowneſs of Spirit, were the Motives of his Service; which tho' he had a violent Attach to, yet they were not capable to keep him ſteady in his Duty; ſo that Conſcience nor Generoſity ſeem to have any ſhare in his Actions. I will ſay no more of him, than that he may properly enough be ſaid to be one of the beſt Men in the World, who are good for nothing.

Honeſt *Dick Criſis* was another who was led away by the tender Sentiments of his Heart; And yet 'tis pretty ſtrange, that *Dick*, who had been a Soldier, ſhould on a ſudden be poſſeſs'd with Notions ſo very effeminate; but perhaps it may be made an Argument for him, that exalted Minds are the moſt ſuſceptible of Compaſſion. The moſt I ſhall ſay

of *Dick*, (for it muſt be allow'd he is a pretty honeſt Fellow) is, that it was generally thought at that time he was ſhot thro' the Head with a Purſe of *Shiners*, levell'd by ſome female Hand, which, as the Caſe ſtood with him, he was incapable to defend himſelf from.

But I muſt return from this long Digreſſion, to tell you how things ſucceeded at the *North* Farm, where my Lord *Hump* had the Diſpoſal of the Rabble. My *Lord*, in ſhort, ſhew'd a little more Conduct than *Tom Shatterbrains* had done. He kept his ground tolerably well, and came to a *Rubber at Cuffs* with his Adverſary; wherein, it has been ſaid, that the latter got very little by him. The World, which had never conceiv'd his *Lordſhip* to be endu'd with ſuch Martial Qualities, ſaid ſome things not at all derogatory from his Honour; and the more, in that it was known he had had to deal with one of the ſmarteſt Fellows breathing; one who had been famous for his Courage and Vivacity, and had broke as many Heads, and held the Belt as often at a *Wreſtling-Ring* as any Man in the Conutry. I can't tell how it came to paſs, but it was a ſore rub upon his Reputation; and tho' he is really as pretty a Fellow as a Man ſhall ſee on a Summer's-Day, I queſtion if he'll e'er retrieve it.

In ſhort, my *Lord* caper'd and halloo'd like mad; and ſeem'd ſo elevated, that he challeng'd

challeng'd him again, and ſent for young SHUTE, who had all this while ſlept quietly in a whole Skin, to come and back him with his Preſence, and try his Fortune. My *Lord* led him up and down the Country in a kind of Triumph, ſhewing him to the People: They mounted him like a *Prize-Fighter*, beat a Drum before him, and all the Girls in the Country preſented him with their Trinkets to adorn him. He rid with a drawn Sword, had his Hair platted with a Silk Fillet, and his fine *Holland* Shirt ty'd with Ribbons, and look'd as fierce as Bull-Beef. Every body expected we ſhould have ſeen old Cutting and Slaſhing; but alas, poor Fellow, it was all Banter, they did it only to mock him; for againſt the Day came, it was purpoſely whiſper'd in his Ear, that there was a Contrivance to draw him thither, only to have his Head broke; that *Will Surlyboots*, a noted Fellow for Head-breaking, had brought with him half a ſcore *Weſt-Country Bargemen*, ſtern Raſcals, with long Muſtacho's, and damnable Cudgel-Players. Which ſo corroborated with his natural Tenderneſs, and the mortal fear of a drawn Weapon, that, poor Fellow, he wept bitterly, and taking his Champion my Lord *Hump* with him, got away again in a ſhitten pickle, bidding the Devil take the hindmoſt: So that my Lord, by this wiſe Retreat, ſhew'd he had ſtill a Capacity very commendable, and that as before he had given a Specimen of his Skill and

Courage

Courage in ſtanding his Ground, ſo he knew now perfectly well when it was time to run away.

This Rabble ſo happily quell'd, and ſome few of the Ringleaders brought to Juſtice, (fewer indeed by many than deſerv'd it) 'twas reaſonably expected that Mr. WRIGHT might quietly have enjoy'd the Eſtate; but what can one ſay, where ſuch a vile and raſcally Spirit rages. They kept their wicked Inſtruments ſtill at Work, to diffuſe freſh Poiſon among the Tenants. His Mercy, which was ſo ſignal as no Age has known, was call'd Cruelty; and no doubt, if the Execution of a Rebel was by them call'd *Murder*; but the Murder of an honeſt Tenant, in their Senſe, muſt have been call'd *Mercy*. Among theſe, none did more Miſchief than the Prieſts in the ſeveral Pariſhes, who with extended Throats, halloo'd the Rabble together, and ſet 'em a yelping at the Moon. Mad Dogs are leſs miſchievous, the Teeth of the one, and the Tongues of the other, carry with them deadly Poiſon.

Of theſe, the moſt eminent for his Dignity is, *Franciſcus Borgia*, who with ſome Juſtice claims his Deſcent from *Cæſar Borgia*, Son of *Pope Alexander* the 6th; for it muſt be ſaid of him, that if Antiquity is wanting to juſtify his Extraction from *Rome*, the furious Principles he is inſpired with, will ſupport his Pedigree againſt the Opinion of the moſt learned Antiquaries. He drove hard at Introducing

troducing young SHUTE in the *Widdow's* Days, was angry with those who would not push the Business far enough, and curs'd 'em *by Bell, Book, and Candle*, when he found his Advice had miscarry'd. His Aim was at the Me——n Chair, which he would soon have transplanted to St. *Peter's*, or at least have grafted considerably upon that Stock. He may be call'd a Pillar of the *Church*; but if he be, he leans plaguily toward *Rome*.

Next to him, in Spiritual Qualifications, is the *Curate of Hockley*, who Mercy and good Usage had been thrown away upon, when he inspir'd the Rabble to all the Grievances we have since lain under. A Fellow of a daring Front, and intollerable Arrogance, not to be equal'd for his Pride, unless by the badness of his Morals: How truly may that stale Proverb be apply'd in his Case, that *Set a Beggar on Horse-back, and he'll ride to the Devil.* The Man had been brought up by Charity, and it is known that he has had the Insolence to deny his neatest Relations. He has a subtle Rotation of Tongue, and abounds much in Words, without any great Meaning, which he thunders out from the Pulpit in such Peals, that he makes all the old Women turn up the Whites of their Eyes. 'Twas upon this Occasion, that a Medal was struck on his once famous *Progress*, where on one Side he has his Reverend Breeches down, and a dozen old Matrons are

tearing

tearing one another piece-meal to have the first Kiss of his brawny Posteriors. The Reverse is a *Janus* Face betwixt a *Jesuit* and a *Churchman*, or *Half Devil, Half D—r*; then he has a freckled fair Complection, a leering goggle Eye, a high Forehead, and some other prevailing Arguments, which shall be nameless, by which he likewise captivates the Hearts of the young Females. To have been marry'd by him, has been thought the next thing in the World to a red Letter in the Calender; and to touch the Hem of his Garment, sufficient to remit the Sins of a whole Parish; when the Fellow is really known to be an absolute Worldling, of a voracious Taste, and complicated Vices. He continues a principal Favourite of the ignorant Rabble by his seditious Teaching; and tho' he is tempting them to their utter Ruin, they have no Eyes to see his cloven Foot.

I know none of the Tribe so capable to match him, and he comes somewhat short of him too, as *Smut*, the Curate of *Hogsnorton*: A Fellow of a vile Life and Character; equally noted for Sedition in the Pulpit, and Bawdry at a Christening; one who well enough justifies the Poetical Similitude of a *Town-Bull to a Parish P——t*, and is grown scandalous for Intrigues, and Petticoat *Simony*. I need say no more of him.

There are others, and indeed the number so great, that they seem hardly worth naming;

so

ſo I will draw a Veil over this Black Piece, and write on the out ſide in Capital Letters, THE MORE YOU LOOK, THE LESS YOU'LL LIKE, for they are generally ſo much of a *Bulk*, that there is no occaſion of ſeeing any more of 'em,

When it was expected I ſay, (pardon this Digreſſion) that Mr. WRIGHT might quietly have enjoy'd the Eſtate, we were Surpriz'd that the Party had enter'd into a new Conſpiracy; comical enough of all Conſcience. You muſt know, there is a Young furious Lord of a *Manor*, call'd *Quixot*, (whether deriv'd from the *Spaniſh Quixots*, or ſo nam'd from a reſemblance of Actions I know not,) who happily to the liking of the Party, govern'd his *Tennants* by a ſet of Laws, which they had always long'd to live under: He was a pretty Fellow enough, wou'd Box, or Wreſtle incomparable well, and was once admir'd every where for his Courage, when he took up *Cudgels* againſt the Neighbouring Country, but Succeſs ſo puff'd the young Fellow up, that he grew Romantick, was for levelling Hills, attacking Wind-Mills, and once attempted to ſtorm the Moon. He was of a Cruel obſtinate Temper, and never us'd an Adverſary well whom he had got the better off, and had Mercileſly kill'd two or three when he had an advantage of them. He had vow'd Revenge againſt the *Bailiffe* of a Hundred, who had put ſome of his Cattle in the Pound; and was making

an Itinerant Conquest thro' the Country, threatening to ruin the Man, when he catch'd him upon his Land, fell unawares upon him, and so belabour'd him, and his Party, that they threw down their Cudgels and ran for it; several had their Heads broke, others he put in the Stocks, and young *Quixot* himself was forc'd to fly the Country, and live some Years among the *Hogmagogges*. However, he was still so obstinate, that notwithstanding this and other Misfortunes, he would come to no Terms, tho' they would have us'd him civilly; 'till fate, in just return for so much unaccountable obstinacy, seeming to design his Ruin, drew all his Neighbours round him on his Back; yet he still affected to talk like a Conqueror, and held the *Cudgells* at the Expence of many a dry *Rub*, and now and then a *Brokenhead*. *Quixot's* furious Temper hitting the Humour of Mr. WRIGHT's Adversaries, (for they lov'd a Tyrannical and absolute Landlord at their Hearts,) they had recourse to him, and invited him to come to their assistance: But Mr. WRIGHT with His usual vivacity, got Intelligence of their design, and put an end to it at once; letting them know that he scorn'd such a raw Fellow shou'd come into his Country, and therefore had sent a Handfull of his own Tennants to Box and Play at Cudgels with him at Home, who soon gave him employment enough. The poor Fellow talk'd big a while, but to very little purpose; whilst his Friends and Well-Wishers here,

here, who had invited him, perfectly ſtunk for fear.

One would now verily have thought that they would have been aſham'd of their Actions, and at leaſt have let their Country enjoy'd a little quiet, but ſo unaccountable is their Folly and Malice, that they ſeem determin'd to be the Ruin of it, if poſſible, at laſt. There is no doubt but they would at firſt have embrac'd Mr. *Wright* with open Arms, had He gratify'd their Taſt, and advanc'd them to their Hearts deſire. Inſtead of blackening one of the moſt exalted Characters in the Univerſe, they wou'd then have lent their Breaths to have rais'd him as a fix'd Star in the brighteſt Orb of Heaven. Is it not apparent then that Intereſt is the motive of their Actions? Did they think to Bully and Hector him into an opinion of them, whom he had ſuch manifeſt Reaſons to diſlike? Did they not revile and aſperſe him Injurouſly? Were theſe the ways to Court his Favour, and remove the Prejudice he had conceiv'd againſt them? Were theſe the methods to recommend themſelves to a Virtuous Man? And muſt not the World allow they are juſty the object of his Reſentment, and deſerve incontinently to continue ſo?

But what is yet moſt ſurprizing, is, that *Bob Huſh* and others, are liſted in this Party? He who had been honeſt in the worſt of Times, and ſtood ſo firmly for the ſupport of Mr. WRIGHT's Title, that he underwent

the rage of His Enemies, against whose Malice he still rais'd his Head and Voice: Insomuch that all manner of Commendations, with the just share of Favour that afterwards rewarded it, can hardly be said to be a sufficient Recompence, for so much Virtue and Integrity: And yet to Fall from this, to Forfeit all his Glory to the poor View of a little private Interest, is not to be accounted for.

Believe me, Sir, he will hardly ever recover his former Reputation, for tho' there might be reasons as is pretended, for his shrinking at some Measures promoted at the INN, can it ever be forgot, or indeed Credited, that he should join with the Enemies of Mr. WRIGHT and his Country; even with Those, whom he has himself contributed to Vote so. He has so many Friends, that it would not have been an easy matter to make the World conceive how he could merit Mr. WRIGHT's Displeasure, did not one see the Evidence of it back'd with so flagrant an Instance. However, the least that is due to his former Merrit, is rather to pity than insult his fall.

Many wonder at the falling out betwixt him and *Jemmy Brisk*, insomuch that from the highest pitch of Friendship, they shou'd become the most fierce and inveterate Enemies; *Jemmy* is really one of the prettiest Fellows alive. He had seen how far Mr. WRIGHT's Enemies had carried their Malice and Designs, and how big the Party was, with farther Treasons, waiting every occasion, and raising trifling

ones,

ones, to disturb Him: It was apparent that this render'd some steps necessary for his truest Servants to take, to baffle their Projects, and defeat their Expectations; and perhaps such steps as would not, but upon the highest necessity, have been thought on at all; one thing in particular was repealing, a certain Test inflicted in the Widow's Days, whereby a Select Number of Mr. WRIGHT's Friends were restrain'd from coming to the *Quest House*, expell'd all *Select Vestrys*, and made incapable of bearing any *Offices* in the *Parish*. Another was admitting some other of Mr. WRIGHT's Friends into the *Club* at the INN, by which Mr. WRIGHT would have been the better enabled to curb his Adversaries. *Jemmy*, I say, like a true Servant to the best of Masters, was firm in his Conduct, and resolv'd upon Motives so very prevailing, to gratify One, who he was well assur'd would make no other use of any Power entrusted with him, than to employ it to the advantage of His Tenants: But, notwithstanding all former Professions of Respect to Mr. WRIGHT and his Family, there were some who deserted him in the Nicest Conjuncture that ever offer'd to have quell'd his Enemies, and put him above the Power of their Resentment for the future.

It is with very little Pleasure, that one is forc'd to mention these things: What can be more ungrateful than to have occasion to reflect on the Conduct of those, for whom one had once entertain'd so great a Respect? Did

one

one ever expect to ſee *Charles Sprightly*, who had ſuffer'd ſo much under their violent Oppreſſion, and had been ſo Signally rewarded by Mr. WRIGHT for his Integrity, divide himſelf from the Intereſt he had once ſo faithfully ſerv'd, to engage in a Party which hate him, but for the preſent uſe they make of him. Was he not preferr'd to a Place even Superior to his Capacity, and had the Name of Buſineſs, which in reality was ſaid uſually to be done to his hand. Nor is it ſo new a thing to have a truſty Servant, upon occaſion, carry a little Brains for his Maſter.

The Diviſions which this occaſion'd at the INN, ſet the Brains of the oppoſite Party at work to make all the Advantage of it poſſible, and it muſt be confeſs'd that their fall afforded but ſmall reaſon for their adverſaries to Triumph, for it was ſoon ſeen that they grew an obſtacle to Mr. WRIGHT's Affairs, by making, with their Addition, the Party of his Enemies more conſiderable. *Bob Slyboots*, who I preſume you cannot but remember has lain a Priſoner in the Town Goal almoſt ever ſince Mr. WRIGHT's firſt coming, was ſoon aware of this Advantage. I have given you his Character formerly. He is a dexterous Fellow in the Management of Pariſh Buſineſs; and for a knaviſh or deſigning Bargain, I'll ſay that for him, no Man underſtands a Trick better. He has a plauſible ſmooth Tongue, and is ſo great a Maſter in the Art of Diſſimulation, that it has been

queſtion'd

queſtion'd whether ever he was Sincere with any Man. His Ambition is compos'd of the dreggs of Honour; in Proſperity he is Haughty; and in Adverſity Servile. By his wheedling he got the length of the Widdow's Foot, and manag'd her for a long time at his pleaſure, 'till in the heighth of his Grandeur he was kick'd out by a Favourite of his own raiſing. However, *Bob* made Hay whilſt the Sun ſhined, got himſelf eſtabliſh'd in a good *Freehold*, and acquir'd a conſiderable Stock to drive a Trade.

'Twas pleaſant enough to ſee with what Pomp and Ceremony *Bob* was brought down to the *Town-Hall* to be try'd. To ſee him paſs thro' a Lane of *Mob*, gaping as at a Monſter, with the *Butchers Clever* carried in State before him. A Sumptuous Scaffold was erected in the Hall, with large rows of Benches and Galleries for the Country to ſit, and ſuch crowding there was to it, that one would have thought the Place incapable to hold them. It is incredible to tell the great Numbers of cold-Pies, Papers of Sweet-Meats, Bottles of Ale, Wine, *&c.* That were carried to be devour'd there; ſufficient to have ſtock'd a pretty large Garriſon. The Ladies ſtew'd themſelves in their own Greaſe; young Girls did themſelves the Mortification to leave their Hoop-Pettycoats at Home to be leſs incommoded at this Grand Solemnity. But you would have laugh'd heartily to ſee the cold Pies, Bottles, and Handkerchiefs, march in order Home

again,

again; one might have observed a thousand disappointed Faces, and ruffled Complections, while *Bob* return'd to his own Residence in a sort of infamous Triumph. He has been often reputed a Conjurer, but I'll be bold to say, that there is more reason to think he has dealt with the Devil now than ever. However fabulous that Report may be, I can't help observing, that there was such a Storm rais'd that Day he was brought first to the *Town-Hall*, as has not, at that Season of the Year, been known by the Memory of Man. Some say we shall soon see him with his Conjuring Wand in his Hand again, if so, I believe no Body will deny that he practices the Black Art.

FINIS.